

Pressure

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Toothless

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-02-09 05:11:00

Updated: 2012-09-23 07:08:00

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:16:16

Rating: T

Chapters: 4

Words: 10,483

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Hiccup was sure that he would never get anywhere when forced to join Berk High School's wrestling team. But can this mysterious young man give him just the thing he needs?  
Hiccup/Human!Toothless.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Disclaimer:** The amazing world of HTTYD does not belong to me sadly.\*\*

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><p>"Come <em>on, <em>Hiccup! You're lagging behind!" Coach Gobber yelled as he blew into his whistle to get the smallest boy's attention.

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III tripped when the whistle blew, successfully knocking him to the ground and onto his face. He groaned and pushed himself up with his elbows. There was a hard force applied to the back of his head as it was shoved back into the dirt. His head lifted enough to see Snotlout jog off ahead of him laughing.

Hiccup decided that the mouth full of dirt was better than running and dropped his head back down.

"Get up, boy. No time for sleepin' on the job." Gobber hefted Hiccup up from his collar into a standing position.

"I'm sure there's plenty of time, so if you don't mind..." Hiccup trailed off.

"Oh don't be like that, kid."

"If you haven't noticed Gobber-" he was cut off by a look from the coach, he sighed. "\_Coach\_ Gobber, I'm not exactly in the ring next

match, or, you know, ever for that matter."

"Don't mean you can't do a little exercising in-between. When I was your age-" Gobber began and Hiccup spaced out. It was likely that he had already heard the story more than once before, but he gave some encouraging head nods and sounds of agreement when needed.

You see dear reader, Hiccup is on wrestling team at Berk High School. Well, if we're going to be accurate, you could say that he tags sadly behind the wrestling team by force. If he had a choice, it would be to stay in the comfort of his bedroom. But no-o-o, his father just had to be the Principal of the school alongside being the country's heavyweight champion when he was Hiccup's age. So naturally, he would expect his son to follow in his footsteps. Not that he ever asked Hiccup if he wanted to join the wrestling team. He was far too busy with faculty meetings and running one of the states most successful schools.

And don't take that in the "Poor Hiccup, the neglected child who's father doesn't care for him! Oh woe is he!" It's nothing like that. Stoick tries, he really does. He wouldn't be categorized under "Worst Father" but not under "Best Father", he would be the "Somewhere-in-between Father". Because that's what he was. He thought that what he was doing would be in Hiccup's best interest, but it was really in his own interest. He thought that Hiccup would of course love to be on the wrestling team. You know, bar the fact that he had virtually no muscles and flinched at everything. Let's ignore that.

So there Hiccup stood, on the doorway to the gym during the second week of school, for his first wrestling practice. One look up and Gobber, his god-father, sighed, "Seriously?"

"Hey there," Hiccup waved awkwardly. Gobber put down the weight he was supporting and it fell onto Tuffnut's chest. His twin sister, Ruffnut, rushed over and pulled it off.

"Hiccup! Er, what exactly are ya doin' here?" Gobber asked carefully.

"Uh, my dad... He kinda decided that the whole wrestling thing was for me." Hiccup rubbed the back of his neck. He would give anything not to be here.

"Oh, uh, did he now? That's... odd."

"Yup."

"Well, I suppose you should get... into... uniform then, eh?" Gobber said, "But I'm not sure if we have one small enough..." He trailed off as he shuffled into the back room, leaving Hiccup alone with the rest of the team.

Oh, joy.

"What do you think you're doing here?"

"Why don't you save sports for those able to run a yard at least."

"You wouldn't last a second in the ring."

"..."

Hiccup heaved a deep breath. "Well, it's nice to meet you all too. I see I'll be fitting in perfectly around here."

"Okay, I found somthin' in the back but I think the hem needs to be adjusted." Gobber came in holding a small uniform, likely to have been belonging to the women's clothing due to the lack of very... tiny men in wrestling. "Are you giving Hiccup here a hard time?"

"Not at all, Coach." Snotlout smiled obnoxiously. Hiccup wanted to gag, but smartly refrained from doing so.

"Right, well, Hiccup? Join the rest of the team in exercises. Astrid, catch him up."

A blond girl who had not yet spoken, Astrid apparently, sighed and forcefully pulled Hiccup by the arm without a glance and dragged him to the side of the school gym that held the equipment.

"So... what's up?" Hiccup tried.

"Those are weights. They are usually heavy. Don't drop them. On anyone. Better yet, don't touch them."

"You do know that I know what we-"

"Mats for practicing. You'll probably go nowhere near them."

"Hey-!"

"Exercise equipment. That's a door to the field."

"I know where the doo-"

"Before every practice we jog. Then we train. Then we spar."

"Okay the-"

"Also, try not to participate in matches." And with that the blonde girl left him. He stared at the back of her ponytail as she walked away and wondered what the hell that was.

He supposed it wasn't the best idea to converse with the locals after all.

â€"

Back in the present, a whistle was blown to signal the end of practice for the day and shower time. Hiccup could have kissed the shower stall, but... it was a shower stall. One simply does not kiss them. He showered quickly, dressed quickly, and exited at the same pace. He didn't exactly feel like staying there longer than he actually had to to please his father.

He sat on a bench in the front of the school building and opened his

duffel bag to pull out a water bottle and a granola bar. He re-zipped his bag and took a gulp of the water. Hiccup was wasting time. He knew he was. He checked his watch, 4:25. The public bus didn't come for another ten minutes, so he might as well sit and wait. And it's not like he lagged enough to miss the first bus. Nope. One might assume that Hiccup was avoiding going home because the house would be empty. But that was okay. He's used to it. His father was a busy man.

Hiccup shook his head to dispel any extra thoughts tugging at his mind. No use dwelling on what you can't change. He checked his watch once more, five minutes. He closed his fist around the empty wrapper that once housed his granola bar and shoved it in his pocket. He placed the water bottle into the duffel bag and pulled out one school issued bus ticket. He stretched his legs as he stood to view the bus pushing itself up the hill.

Without a doubt in his mind, Hiccup could say that he hated the public transit. It was full of, not always but mostly, annoyingly obnoxious people who wouldn't be able to recognize common curtesy if it hit them over the head with a hammer.

He handed the ticket to the driver, who spared him not a glance, and went in search of an empty seat, one hopefully with an empty seat next to it so as to avoid sitting side to side with a stranger.

As luck would not have it, there was one empty seat. He could have stood the rest of the ride but he'd be damned if he wasn't exhausted. He awkwardly sat down and tucked his bag between his legs so that he wouldn't make anyone uncomfortable.

Glancing to his side, he saw the person who was sitting next to him. It was a boy who seemed to be about Hiccup's age if not a bit older. His black hair threatened to cover his eyes but fell just short for it seemed to naturally sweep slightly to one side and he had very faint freckles about his nose. Hiccup was sure he recognized this boy from his school. He looked extremely familiar, but Hiccup couldn't quite place it. Hiccup also then realized that he was staring, quite obviously, at this mysterious person and happened to be caught in the act.

A pair of green, very green, eyes looked at him curiously, an eyebrow cocked. Hiccup flushed with embarrassment and turned around, tugging on his hair slightly, as if making to hide his face. He heard a small cough from the other but wasn't sure if it was a real cough or him being laughed at. Or maybe it was the sound of Hiccup overreacting. I guess we'll never know.

Hiccup simply refused to look back over at the other person and contented himself by staring everywhere else. Sadly, the other boy had the window seat, so the only sight was the rest of the passengers. He wasn't sure if that was such a good thing.

A woman near the front cradled a crying baby, attempting to calm it down. A man was talking loudly on his phone. A group of older high school students laughed boorishly at the very back of the bus as they made fun of people. Hiccup wanted to pull his hair out. But instead he stuck with facing away from the passengers to look at the bar on the seat ahead of him.

The bus jostled over a particularly large bump and the commuters bumped around against each other. Hiccup found his head connecting painfully with the head of the mystery boy. Both of their hands flew to their heads to hold and rub the injured area. Hiccup glanced over, "Gosh, I'm so sorry."

The other looked momentarily surprised but then his face cleared. "You've nothing to apologize for. It wasn't your fault."

"Yeah. I know, but, uh..." Hiccup realized the point the black-haired boy made and suddenly felt very silly indeed. \_Wow Hiccup, twice in the same ride. It's like a new record, \_he thought to himself. Massaging the sore he slid down in his seat.

"But it's fine. It's the thought, I guess." said the boy and Hiccup nodded. He really couldn't bring himself to speak for the fear that something else really unintelligent would escape. The boy turned back to his window and Hiccup turned back to the seat ahead.

Hiccup check the stop to see how long until he reached his. There were about two stops left so he adjusted his duffel under him and waited.

At his stop, Hiccup reached upwards to signal that he wished to get off but the other boy had beat him to it. He looked at the boy thoughtfully then got up and exited the bus, the other following. They headed in the same direction until there was a fork in the road and Hiccup went right and the boy went left, the giving Hiccup a short nod in farewell.

Hiccup shut the door and went up the staircase to his bedroom. It was interesting how there was a kid at school who lived so close to him and he'd never realized before. Shame thought, he never did get the boy's name. He figured that he might just find him at school one day and ask unless they met on the bus again tomorrow.

Hiccup wondered why he cared. He pushed the thought aside.

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At Berk the next day, Hiccup shut the door to his locker after he extracted his lunch from it's depths. Or lack thereof. I mean, come one, it's a public school locker.

He wandered his way down the maze of hallways until he reached the door to the quad. It was packed with people, as usual since the weather had been kind. He debated on just eating in the cafeteria but it was even louder in there. Oh well. And thus began Hiccup's gallant search for a patch of grass to occupy.

Hiccup fixed the strap of his messenger bag as he walked through the quad. There was a nice tree in the shade at the far end that people don't normally go near. Not for any particular reason other than it was quite far away from everything else. Hiccup ate there once near the beginning of the year and had now decided he would again.

As he approached the tree, he could make out a silhouette of another person. At first he was disheartened, someone had already taken the seat for themselves. But as he neared, he saw that it was the boy from the bus. His heart rate quickened in anticipation. What were the

odds?

But then Hiccup stopped short of the tree. Wouldn't it seem weird? Would he get told to leave? Get laughed at? Ask more hypothetical questions? He took a deep breath and sat down cross legged directly across from the boy, who had his nose buried deep into a book.

The boy started and cautiously peered over the top of his book. He took one look at Hiccup and his eyebrows raised and he snorted. Hiccup wasn't sure if it was in amusement or derisively. He fidgeted and tugged on his hair.

Hiccup unpacked his lunch and started on his sandwich. The boy was still reading. He didn't appear to have eaten anything as of yet, unless he had already ate before Hiccup arrived. Hiccup looked into his lunch bag, he had two brownies. Gobber made them for him because Gobber made the best sweets that Hiccup had ever tasted. So Hiccup took one of them and held it out to the boy.

The boy emerged from the book again. He looked at Hiccup. Then at the brownie. He reached out and gingerly picked up the brownie then quickly retreated behind the pages. Hiccup almost laughed. It was as if he was familiarizing himself with a cat or a puppy. He found it adorable. And in the most platonic of ways of course.

A "Thank you" was mumbled and Hiccup replied that it was no problem.

And that was all. Neither said a word for the rest of the period and when the bell rang, the boy gathered his things, nodded at Hiccup and left silently.

This boy puzzled Hiccup to say the least. But then again, many, many, things puzzled Hiccup. So there was no real surprise there. But there was something he couldn't quite put his metaphorical finger on.

Hiccup decided that he would sit here again tomorrow.

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There was no practice after school today and no activities for Hiccup to do. So he took the first bus home.

The boy was not on the bus this time and Hiccup couldn't help but feel slightly disappointed. At least with the other one there he wasn't alone there. Hiccup realized he sounded ridiculous and stopped himself from traveling on that train of thought.

He vaguely recalled that he did not get the boys name. He would try again tomorrow.

He got off the bus and made his way down his street, glancing at the road the other boy went down yesterday.

"Hullo Hiccup, welcome home."

"Dad? You're home early."

"Am I? Oh."

"Yeah..."

"So, son, anything new happen at school today?"

Hiccup debated on telling his father about the boy.

"Nothing out of the ordinary." he decided.

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><p><strong>So what do you readers think? Reviews help shape the story :D<strong>

## 2. Chapter 2

**Hola. Er, sorry? I realize it's been practically a month now and I am soooo sorry. I meant to update, I really did. But my aunt was in the hospital and my teachers decided to load up with homework because spring break is next week. And I got a PM that was like, Update, yo. And that got me back on track.**

><strong>

**Enough about me. Look! Slightly longer chapter!**

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**Disclaimer: Ownage is not mine**

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><p>"**Ladies and Gentlemen!**" a voice boomed over the loud speaker, seemingly quite excited. "Welcome to Berk High School, hooooome of the Vikings!" he drew out his vowels and you could simply hear the exclamation marks. The crowd went wild of course. Popcorn soared through the air before meeting its untimely death on the floor or in the hair of the human giraffe sitting in front of you, and large foam hands were waving with glee.

"This match between our home team and the opposing team, the Pirates," the crowd booed respectfully, "Will be the qualification match for the state finals!" cue cheer.

"Now please, put your hands together for our wrestling team!" You could swear the ground shook, and it probably did, thanks to the stomping of many feet.

Through the gym doors on far side of the gym entered the Vikings. Astrid lead the procession, followed by Ruffnut, Tuffnut, Fishlegs, Snotlout, and a trying-but-failing-to-hide-himself Hiccup. Gobber brought up the rear, sporting a Viking war helmet in honor of the event, it seemed to complement him perfectly.

The team took their seats on the bench as their opponents entered the gym, followed by the cheers from the Away crowd, seated on the opposite side of the gym from the Home crowd, which was the result of a nasty brawl a few years ago. No one likes to talk about it.

The first fight was between Tuffnut and a kid who didn't understand

what a comb was. It lasted a few rounds, with the emerging winner, Bed Head. Tuffnut slumped back to the bench with a bloody nose and the comforting words of the rest of the team. One match lost wasn't an issue. A game itself normally lasted five matches, which meant best four out of five.

The next match was Astrid's, and no one wins against Astrid if she has anything to say about it, which she normally does. Teams were tied one-to-one. The next two matches went to the Home Team, thanks to Ruffnut and Snotlout, but the opposing team brought up the following two, leaving the teams tied three-to-three. The next match would be the tie breaker.

Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III was more than surprised when Gobber lifted him from his seat and pushed him toward the ring. He turned and shot a panicked look at Gobber. Hiccup was never put in the ring. Never. Gobber shooed him forward and he had no choice but to slump forward in defeat. He slipped between the ropes and stood in a corner facing his opponent.

He was a large bloke, much taller than Hiccup with muscles like bowling balls. He had an unpleasant aura and Hiccup was pretty sure he probably smelt bad. The kid growled at him and Hiccup wondered if the other kid thought that growling made him intimidating, which it didn't. They shook hands and a bell rang and the kid marched forward.

Hiccup backed into the corner before turning to walk backwards, still facing his opponent. They walked in a large circle for a few seconds before someone yelled in the Away section to get it over with. The kid bounded forward and gripped Hiccup in a headlock, pulling him off the floor. He kicked his legs and happened to catch the guy in the groin and he fell back down, landing in a crouch. He jumped up and turned, ducking swiftly when hands reached for him again.

Hiccup was grabbed around his lower back and lifted off the floor again before being thrown onto the mat. He groaned and didn't have a chance to roll over as the kid got on his back, holing down his head and pulling his arm backwards. Hiccup was sure arms shouldn't move like that, but didn't have the strength to get out of the position. The referee bent down next to them and hit the mat ten times, signaling the end of the match, in which Hiccup hadn't even lasted a round.

It was over pathetically soon and Hiccup had a bloody nose and a bruise on his cheek from being thrown on the ground. He was sure that his arm would be hurting in the morning.

He slunk back to the bench and was not met with the sympathy Tuffnut received, but with disappointed faces. He picked up a cold pack and pressed it against his cheek, willing the world away in his humiliation.

Thankfully, Berk won the next match and therefore the game, so Hiccup wouldn't of had to be blamed for their inability to reach the state finals, which he was sure would have happened. That didn't mean that his team mates weren't mad at him anyway. Well, Hiccup thought in defense, if they hadn't put me into the ring in the first place, then none of this would have happened. He didn't voice his thoughts out loud though because he didn't feel like dealing with the rest of

them.

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Hiccup did not go to the celebration party that evening, even though practically the entire school did. He wasn't feeling up to it and he was more than sure his presence wouldn't have been missed anyway. In all the other parties, he simply sat in the back, drinking an indecent amount of coke and eating out the snack table. He wasn't missing much, really.

Where he was, was sitting on the bench near the bus stop, across the street from the school. He watched his bus pass three times, not willing himself to get on because he was tired and in pain and embarrassed for getting his ass kicked in front of the whole school.

"So that was a pretty bad beating you took." a voice next to him commented and Hiccup nearly jumped out of his skin, despite the fact that that was physically impossible.

"Holy shit, Toothless, don't do that." Hiccup put a hand to his chest and caught his breath, never having heard his friend take the seat next to him. Toothless leaned back, "Sorry," he said, though he didn't sound it.

"How's your cheek?" Toothless asked, looking over at Hiccup to inspect it.

"Eh, I've had worse." he brushed it off nonchalantly, not including the fact that it hurt like hell and was starting to turn purple.

"Oh really?" Toothless challenged, smirking.

"Yup," Hiccup said defiantly, "I can barely feel it."

"You sure?"

"Positive."

"Well, if you're positive," Toothless leaned forward quickly and poked Hiccup right in the bruise. Hiccup let out a very manly squeak, then a stream of colorful words that you shouldn't try at home, kids.

"See?" Hiccup croaked, shielding the bruise with his hand, "Didn't feel a thing."

"You're such a liar." Toothless laughed. Hiccup realized that he liked the sound of Toothless laughing, since the occurrence was rare. He bit back the temptation of telling that to Toothless because shit would get awkward, fast.

"I am the most truthful person you will ever meet." Hiccup lifted his nose, and looked down on his black haired friend.

"Oh definitely, so if I poke you again, you wont cry like a little girl?" Toothless asked innocently.

"Psh, of course not. And since I am ever so truthful, there would be

no need for you to test that hypothesis." Hiccup nodded sagely.

Toothless sighed dramatically, "I guess there wouldn't be."

Hiccup nodded again and tentatively removed his hand from his cheek, ready at any moment to protect the bruise from surprise attacks.

They sat in a comfortable silence until the bus rolled around for the fourth time. At this point, Hiccup's head was nodding forward as he tried to keep himself awake.

"C'mon Hiccup, lets get you home." Toothless said softly, standing up and reaching out for Hiccups hand to pull him up as well. And he may have held on for a tad longer than he needed to, but that was just a detail.

Toothless handed the bus driver their student tickets and practically dragged Hiccup to the back of the bus and sat them down in an unoccupied seat. It was getting late, so the bus was fairly empty, bar the night people who were just looking forward to getting home to their families and their beds. Some just looking to ride until it was a good idea to get off and go from there.

"I'm tired," Hiccup whined, and yawned for emphasis.

"I know," Toothless patted him on the shoulder, "We're almost there."

Hiccup yawned again and fell back on the seat. Toothless leaned back as well. He preferred to ride the bus at night. There were no crying babies and obnoxious kids in the back rows. There was also this sense of peace, where you're suddenly aware of all the people around you and how each of them were so different from one another, led completely different lives. It was hard to explain in words, it was just a feeling.

Toothless was pulled from his thoughts when a weight landed on his shoulder. Apparently, Hiccup was unable to stay awake the whole trip and was softly dozing on Toothless' shoulder. Toothless was surprised for a second, then adjusted his seating so that his friend could be more comfortable. Hiccup looked so peaceful when he was sleeping, Toothless observed. He was usually freaking out all day, and worn down by everything that happened around him. It was a nice change in features, and Toothless caught himself staring.

He shook his head and looked forward, determined to pull thoughts of how handsome Hiccup looked when he was asleep from his head. Because Toothless didn't think his friend was handsome. That would be odd, and potentially awkward in the future. All it was, was that Toothless was very tired, and not thinking straight (no pun intended). That was it. He just needed some sleep and everything would be okay.

Toothless then thought of how horrible a liar he was, because he was staring again. And as the bus jerked to a stop, he was caught, and not by himself. Hiccup's eyes opened, startled for a second before getting his bearings. He looked up straight into Toothless' gaze. They locked eyes for what seemed like minutes, but was only seconds,

before turning away simultaneously, flustered.

"Nice night." Hiccup commented, in what he hoped was a casual manner, but wasn't.

"Yup." Toothless agreed, even though he was facing the aisle floor and couldn't really tell if the night was nice or not.

They remained facing in opposite directions until the bus pulled over at their stop. They thanked the driver and headed into the night, walking together until they hit the fork. Awkward good nights were said and they marched back to their respective homes, pushing the experience as far back in their minds as possible.

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"So I was thinking." Hiccup started one lunch period.

"Mm, that's dangerous work, that is." Toothless said wisely.

"Shut up. Anyway, I was thinking, that you should teach me your pressure point stuff."

Toothless raised an eyebrow, "Oh?" he asked.

"Yeah," Hiccup said enthusiastically. "I think that if you teach me that stuff, then maybe I won't fail miserably every time I'm up in the ring."

Toothless appeared to think about it for a while. "I looked it up," Hiccup continued, determined to get Toothless to agree, "It's not illegal unless I attack vital points."

"I don't know, Hiccup..." Toothless trailed off.

"Please?" Hiccup gave him the puppy dog eyes, which Toothless did not own the willpower to deny. He sighed, "Fine."

Hiccup cheered and did a little jig, still seated. He leaned over and glomped Toothless, "Thank you!"

"Get off me, you oaf, you're heavy." Toothless pushed a grinning Hiccup off of himself.

"Ooh, when should we start. I think we should start today, after school. You can teach me how did that thing the first time. You know, when I couldn't move? That would be so awesome to know." Hiccup was on a roll.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," Toothless held up his hands, "That's pretty advanced, you need to learn all the basics and whatnot."

"What?" Hiccup whined, "Why can't we just get to the cool stuff?"

"Because these things are serious, Hiccup. Someone could get seriously hurt if you do it wrong." Toothless' voice raised slightly.

"Okay, okay, I got it." Hiccup said, trying to calm his friend.

"Oh do you?"

"Yup."

"Okay then, lift up your arm." Toothless lifted an eyebrow.

Hiccup faltered, "Why?"

"Stop being a baby, just do it." Toothless gestured with his hands that Hiccup should hurry up. So, precariously, Hiccup raised his arm until it was parallel to the ground.

Toothless reached over and used his thumb to feel an area slightly south of the shoulder, looking for the radial nerve of the forearm.

"Dude-" Hiccup started.

"Shh," Toothless found the point he was looking for, and with a smirk lifted a fist with a knuckle extended. Hiccup squeezed his eyes shut, thinking that Toothless was going to punch him. But all the black-haired boy did was tap the nerve with a firm, but not really that much at all, force. But it had the effect it was expected to.

Hiccup groaned, "Oh dear lord, that is painful." he breathed, gasping in air. His arm fell limp at his side, not because it was paralyzed, but because it was far too painful for Hiccup to move. He gripped at it with his other hand and hunched down, willing the pain to go away. It was definitely worse than a charlie horse.

Toothless was still smirking, he felt pretty damn triumphant right then. "Hah," he said.

Hiccup breathed in deeply and sat up, flexing his arm and rolling his shoulder. "Man, you suck so much." Hiccup hit him over the head and Toothless laughed.

"But I was right," Toothless tutted, wagging his finger back and forth. Hiccup swatted it away, "\_Maybe\_, you were." Hiccup rolled his eyes dramatically, then grinned again, "But wouldn't I would make, like, the coolest Jackie Chan ever?"

Toothless groaned, "I hate you."

â€"

Hiccup laid back on Toothless' bed. "Your room is so cool." he said, looking at Toothless upside down. Hiccup found that everything looked sillier upside down, so upside down he remained. Even Toothless' grumpy face looked like a distorted smile. Hiccup grinned.

"Join me Toothless," Hiccup exclaimed.

"Join you in what, stupidity?" Toothless snorted.

"Come ooon."

"Fine," Toothless got off the hammock located in the far corner of his room, closed his book, and jumped onto his bed. He situated himself so that he was laying next to Hiccup, joining him in flipping the world around.

Upside down, the world was a different place. Right side up, you could see the floor under them littered with books which couldn't quite fit into the wooden bookshelf which took up the most wall space. There were three beanbags in primary colors in the corner near the hammock, which was Toothless' favorite spot to read. Everything in the room screamed eco-friendly. The walls were made to look like the trees and as soon as Hiccup walked in, he found himself in the middle of a forest. The bed frame was wooden and was pocketed with carvings that appeared to have been made by Toothless since a very young age, judging by some of the more crude drawings of dragons.

And speaking of dragons, they were everywhere. Well, not quite everywhere, but the wall the bed was pushed against was covered in drawings of dragons of all different shapes and sizes. Toothless had drawn them and they were amazing.

There was a small silence, "What are we looking at Hiccup?"

"Wouldn't it be the oddest thing if everything was on the ceiling." Hiccup pondered.

"Not really, because then the ceiling would become the floor." Toothless shrugged, which was slightly difficult because of the position he was in.

"Well, what if we were still on the floor, then?"

"But if we were on the floor, and everything were on the ceiling, then how would we get to anything we need. It seems rather pointless."

Hiccup thought for a moment, "Well, what if someone invented something to attach us to the ceiling,"

"Then, I imagine, we would all get serious headaches from the blood rushing to our heads."

"Has anyone ever told you that you're a buzz kill?" Hiccup pouted.

"It's been said, now turn around, didn't you want to learn something today? This is pointless." Toothless righted himself and shook his head to get rid of the spots in his vision.

Hiccup leaped upward, shaking his head as well, "You know what you need, Tootoo?"

"To hit you really hard?"

"No, silly. You need," he paused dramatically, "Imagination," he held the word out as long as he could, which was pretty damn long, before Toothless did indeed hit him quite hard.

Hiccup held his head, "You asshat."

"That's not even a real thing."

"Yuh-huh, "

"Nuh-uh, "

"Yuh-huh! "

"I'm going to be the bigger one and end this now," Toothless said.

His door banged open, and one of the twins walked in, "Tootoo!" he cried, "Mother requests your person downstairs with your male friend in five minutes for dinner!" he bowed dramatically, and shuffled out of the room.

Toothless moaned, "I was not born into this family, I swear."

Hiccup patted him on the back sympathetically.

"I guess we won't be getting anything done today. But definitely tomorrow. And I'll remember to lock my door," he added, glaring at the innocent door.

"It's okay, now I'm starved, so let's go eat." Hiccup hopped off the bed, and bounded toward the door.

"Yay vegan food." Toothless said sarcastically and followed his friend out of the room.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Okay, so not much happened here, but it did establish the main idea for the story. And ffff i actually have to research this pressure point stuff.<strong>

**\*\*Next chapter: Hiccup has a discussion with his teammates and learns some wicked Jackie Chan skills.\*\***

**\*\*Please point out any mistakes since this is unbeta'd! And don't forget to review!\*\***

### 3. Chapter 3

**\*\*Thank you for your wonderful reviews and for all the alerts and favorites, I really appreciate it. A sweet review always makes my day.\*\***

**\*\*Before we get on with the show here, I would like to thank Loti-miko who pointed out my grave mistake of saying that Toothless had blue eyes when in fact, they are very much green. My humble apologies, and thank you again.\*\***

**\*\*Also, to clear something up, our boys are just around 16.\*\***

**\*\*All the mistakes are my own and please feel free to point them out**

to me.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>You could say that our friend Hiccup was acclimated to pain, almost on friendly terms, in fact. After hitting the mat about ten times in the last five minutes, one should know that they've moved from a first-name basis to the "Your Dead to Me" stage. His face, his arms, his legs, his back, all of him really, ached horribly. A bell rang and the pressure behind his neck, forcing him to practically kiss the floor, was gone immediately. It was so sudden that Hiccup gasped and rolled over, coughing. His hand flew to his head and he groaned.<p>

"Thank you for not hurting me anymore." he croaked. "I appreciate it."

"Yeah, whatever." Astrid said as she adjusted the tape on her wrists.

Hiccup pulled himself into a pitiful standing position and limped his way over to the side of the make-shift ring set up in the middle of the gym. He climbed under the rope and stumbled on his way down the small step.

He righted himself quickly and shook his head to dispel the leftover dizziness from the "fight". Note the quotation marks, boys and girls, for it wasn't much of a fight at all. It was more like "Let's all watch Hiccup get the crap beat out of him by a girl." And in Hiccup's defense, Astrid was a very strong girl. Well, actually, compared to Hiccup, most girls were pretty strong.

The shower room seemed oddly welcoming when Hiccup entered. He switched on the hot water in one of the few curtained shower stalls and stood under the stream for a good five minutes before he worked on washing off the grime of the day. He shut off the water and dried off with a towel that he brought in his duffel because he'd had enough experience with the school towels in the shower room to know that they weren't trustworthy.

He dressed in a comfortable pair of sweatpants and a hoodie before stepping out of the building to wait at the bus stop. When the bus came, Hiccup found himself slightly anxious, but not completely sure why. He searched through the crowd for somewhere to sit yet again, when he realized the source of his anxiety. The black-haired boy was not here. He wasn't at lunch either and Hiccup felt disappointed.

He shook the feeling off. Why should he feel disappointed? He'd only met the boy twice. And the time periods weren't exactly enough to have some heart-to-hearts and a cuppa. But he couldn't deny the small feeling in his chest that was screaming at him to get to know this boy. And Hiccup knew he should listen.

â€"

Hiccup returned to the spot beneath the tree again the next day. When he first arrived, the black-haired boy was not there. Hiccup's heart fell but he sat beneath the tree nonetheless. After half of the lunch period was over, he was just about to pack up and leave for it seemed to be a lost cause, when he saw the boy approaching the tree.

He paused and looked at Hiccup for a calculating second before he sat down. He looked quite worse for wear. His jacket was torn on the right shoulder, his hair disheveled, and a large bruise covered his left eye.

Hiccup jumped up, "Oh my god, are you okay?"

The boy looked up, "I'm fine."

"You don't exactly look fine to me."

"It's none of your concern."

"But what if I want it to be my concern?" Hiccup realized his voice had raised and he shut his mouth. "Sorry."

The boy nodded and looked away, almost ashamed to be seen in this state.

"If you don't mind me asking, does this." Hiccup gestured to the boys appearance, "happen often?"

He didn't receive an answer so he dropped the subject.

"I'm Hiccup." he said suddenly, holding out his hand.

The boy looked at his hand before shaking it slightly, "Toothless."

"Wow, what a weird name."

"Coming from the boy named Hiccup."

"Point taken."

There was silence for a while as neither of them did anything and just sat there.

"You weren't at lunch yesterday." Hiccup said hesitantly.

"Sick."

"Are you feeling better?"

"I guess."

"Oh... I saved you a brownie yesterday, you seemed to like them." Hiccup reached into his lunch sack and extracted a brownie. "Don't worry, this one's fresh."

Toothless' eye brightened and he took the treat, munching happily. Hiccup smiled and had his, content.

"These brownies are like crack, who makes them?" Toothless asked when he swallowed the last bite, licking his thumb to collect the crumbs.

"Oh, my god-father, Gobber. He's the coach and gym teacher

here."

"You're god-father works where you go to school? Isn't that awkward."

"Eh, not really. Gobber's cool. Most of the time."

"Hmm."

They lapsed into a slightly tense silence. Toothless examined his torn sleeve, picking at the loose fibers. He shifted his fringe to cover the bruise to the best of his abilities. Hiccup frowned and observed silently.

The bell rang, pulling the two from their bubble so that they could gather their belongings.

"Well, I guess I'll see you later then, eh?" Hiccup smiled awkwardly.

"Yeah, see you later." there was a slight upturn of Toothless' lips and the boys departed.

â€"

It was a tentative friendship. They didn't know much about each other and it was too soon to delve into personal territory. So they skirted around the edges, avoiding certain topics and engaging in what they hoped to be (but wasn't) inconspicuous topic changes. If they broke the barrier this soon into it (for it had only been two weeks), it was likely to cause a fracture which could take down the tent, so to speak. And Hiccup couldn't afford that.

Toothless was an enigma. He dived up and around topics like a Olympic swimmer or a mouse from a cat on catnip. He seemed to avoid his home life the most. And no, don't jump to the conclusion that this was his way of protecting the deep dark secret of some kind of neglect or abuse. Because it wasn't. He never spoke of his parents in the fashion that would make one assume that he was afraid of them in any way, or that he was hurt. It was almost like he avoided the topic because there was something about his parents that he seemed to have deemed embarrassing. Hiccup wanted to know, but he didn't pry for the fear of losing his new friend.

And, at the risk of sounding cliché, Hiccup could say that whatever he had with this young man, Toothless was his only friend. You see, people don't normally talk to or hang out with or whatever you want to call it with Hiccup. He wasn't quite sure why, but the people seemed fairly unpleasant, so he was more than happy to do most of the avoiding himself.

"Hiccup!" a voice called as someone hit him over the head. Hiccup jolted out of his thoughts and looked around, startled and ready to defend himself in what would surely be a spectacular display of awesomeness. Obviously.

"Dude, calm down, it's just me." Hiccup turned around to see Toothless looking adequately amused.

Hiccup stood up straight, "I knew that." he defended.

"Sure you did."

"I was... uh..." Hiccup trailed off, apparently not skilled enough to come up with a proper excuse when needed but was perfectly able to make a fool of himself daily.

"Hey!" he recalled, rubbing his head, "Why did you hit me?"

"I was calling your name for the past minute or so. It's hardly my fault that you can't pay attention to your surroundings. And you call yourself a wrestler. For shame Hiccup, for shame." Toothless sniffed in mock haughtiness.

"Oi, shut up. For your information, I would rather\_ not \_call myself a wrestler, thank you very much." Hiccup crossed his arms.

"Oh?"

"Yes. I don't like it."

"It's because you suck at it, isn't it?"

"That is ridicu-... maybe just a little."

Toothless stuck out his tongue and Hiccup blew a raspberry, showing the world how wonderfully mature they were.

Hiccup sighed and leaned back on the bench where he and Toothless were waiting for their bus. "It doesn't really matter. I mean, it's not like I ever have to go in the ring."

"Why did you join then?"

"I did it for my dad. He was a champion when he went here and he wants me to be a champion too."

"He didn't ask you?"

"Nope. but that's dad." Hiccup used the topic and flipped it, "Do you do any after-school activities?"

"Nah, I don't really do... school things." Toothless frowned at his awkward wording.

"Do you do anything at home?" Hiccup tried, digging a bit into Toothless' personal life.

"Oh, you know, this and that." Toothless said dismissively. "Oh hey look, the bus."

Hiccup furrowed his eyebrows but got up nonetheless, following Toothless into an empty row near the back. They didn't say much for the rest of the trip.

When the bus pulled up at their stop, they filed out the small door, thanking the bus driver who just grunted in walked together the rest of the way until the fork where they split to go their separate ways.

Hiccup stopped himself in the middle of the road, turned around, and jogged over to Toothless' road. He ran up to the black-haired boy and stopped him with a hand on the shoulder. At this point, many things happened at once.

Hiccup was suddenly aware that he was facing the opposite direction. Rapid jabs were applied to different areas of his body and in the frenzy he was unable to tell how many and where exactly he was hit.\*

Then, another thing became painfully aware to Hiccup. He could not move. His breath quickened and a feeling of panic washed over his body. He struggled against invisible bonds but it was like the rest of him had decided to rebel and just shut down. He stopped trying and just breathed. In and out. \_That's right, Hiccup\_ he thought to himself, \_just calm down.\_

"\_Hiccup?\_" a very surprised voice exclaimed. "Oh my god. Oh god. Shit, I'm so sorry."

If Hiccup had the ability to turn his head slightly to the side, he would have had the opportunity to witness Toothless promptly flipping his shit.

"I didn't know it was you... And I thought that... oh my goodness." Toothless ran his hands through his hair. He could safely say that he was at a loss. He would have to drag Hiccup to his own house because he didn't know where Hiccup lived and he wasn't going to very well leave his friend in the middle of the street. He sighed.

"I'm going to lift you up now, don't freak." Toothless said slowly. He bent over and reached under Hiccups arms and hoisted him up. He was much lighter than Toothless expected. And thus, Toothless began the long haul of dragging Hiccup to his house at the bottom of the street.

"Dude, do you ever eat?" Toothless asked absently. "Oh, yeah, don't answer that."

"This should definitely wear off soon, you know. I just wasn't sure who that was. It was a reflex, really." Toothless adjusted his grip, "You have really bad reflexes you know. You could've blocked that or something. I mean, you're in wrestling, man."

Hiccup was rolling his eyes and defending himself in his mind. It didn't do much to help the case, but oh well.

"I should probably warn you though," Toothless said, "My family is a bit... eccentric? Strange? I'm not sure what to call it. But you'll see I guess." he heaved a long-suffering sigh. "I tried to avoid this, you know, you meeting my family and all. I think that they certainly have the capability of scaring off potential friends. But it can't be put off any longer, I suppose."

Toothless pulled Hiccup up a driveway, "Here we are." he said. Then he frowned and awkwardly placed Hiccup on the front porch in order to turn and open the door.

He breathed in deeply and unlocked it, "Mom? Dad? I'm home and I

brought a friend... kind of."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Cliff-hanger much? Why yes, yes it is.\*\*

\*\*\*: In movies, it's highly exaggerated when they say that a few pressure points can completely paralyze a person suddenly. But it is possible for you to hit a series of points to paralyze certain parts of the body to make some semblance of a pseudo-paralysis, which is what our friend Toothless did here.\*\*

\*\*Thank you for reading and don't forget to review!\*\*

#### 4. Chapter 4

\*\*Wow, I suck. Here, have a list of excuses: finals, AP finals, trip to Georgia with a broken promise of internet connection, I'm in AP Summer Academy, and my aunt is in the hospital with ovarian cancer, so we've been flitting back and forth from there.\*\*

\*\*\_Actually Relevant Note\_: Okay so the siblings aren't entirely OCs like some of you thought. Leila is a Terrible Terror and the twins are a Hideous Zippleback. Also, I went back and fixed a few mistakes, and added some small, not really relevant stuff to the other chapters. It's hard to catch every mistake, but I'm tryin!\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: I don't think I'll do these anymore OTL. Four is enough for y'all to know it's not mine.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"What are they doing?" Hiccup whispered, pulling back the curtain in the kitchen with a finger.<p>

"Tai chi." Toothless whispered back.

"Well, yes, I can see that, thank you, oh wise one." Hiccup rolled his eyes, "I meant it like, 'Why are they doing tai chi in their underwear?'"

"Can we not talk about this anymore." Toothless turned away from the mirror, placing his cup of water on the counter. "At least they don't do it in the front yard anymore."

"They used to... you know what? I don't want to know." Hiccup's glass joined Toothless'.

"Trust me, my friend," Toothless placed a sympathetic hand on the other's shoulder, "it's better that way." Hiccup nodded somberly.

Toothless clapped his hands together once authoritatively, "Let's get down to business."

"I feel like that's a \_Mulan\_ reference, but I'm not sure." Hiccup walked into the living room and flopped down onto the couch.

"Don't hate. It's a quality movie." Toothless said defensively.

"Whatever floats your boat, man."

"Okay, no, but seriously, we have gotten all of nothing done." Toothless sighed, "Hiccup. Focus."

"I'm totally focused. I'm in the groove, my friend. Pumped." Hiccup said sincerely.

"Obviously," Toothless rolled his eyes. He stood up, "Let's go."

"Go where?" Hiccup said eagerly.

"Meditation room." Hiccup jumped up and bounded ahead of Toothless. He slid open the door and landed on the floor, cross legged, "Teach me your ways, Miyagi sensei." he grinned stupidly. Toothless turned red and looked away, "I thought you wanted to be Jackie Chan."

"Well he was in the remake. That should count for something." Hiccup shrugged.

"We do not address the remake, Hiccup." Toothless said sternly.

"Yes, Miyagi sensei." Hiccup nodded.

Toothless hit Hiccup on the back of his head "And don't call me that." Hiccup just smiled.

"Okay," Toothless sighed and sat down in front of Hiccup, their positions reflected and their knees touching. "Ready? We're going to start with some simple points on your hands. Hold them out, like this." Toothless held up his hands, wrists facing the ceiling. Hiccup complied.

Toothless held Hiccup's wrists, one in each hand and ran his thumbs over the tendons. "Right here," he said softly, pressing his thumbs in. "is very common in getting rid of nausea, morning sickness, motion sickness, and the like." His hands slid to Hiccups'. He pressed the webbing of the hand. "This may help relieve tension or pain in the head and back." Hiccup watched aptly, nodding every so often.

Toothless took one of Hiccups fingers between his first finger and thumb and pulled from the base to the tip. "For the sinuses." he repeated the motion with each finger on the hand. At the thumb, he said "Back of the head, the neck, the brain." He put a finger on the fleshier part connecting the thumb to the palm, "Your stomach is here."

Lastly, he put a finger on a small area between the first finger and middle finger, a bit more than a centimeter from the dip, "And this is your heart."

Hiccup practically vibrated with energy, "This is so cool," he whispered reverently. "All of that, right on your hand?"

"Well, those are the more useful. The rest are glands and things like

that." Toothless said dismissively.

Hiccup looked at his hand intently, as if unlocking it's inner most meanings. Toothless leaned in and whispered conspiratorially, "You know," he said, Hiccup raised his eyebrows eagerly, "it's not going to sprout an extra finger." he leaned back and ducked when Hiccup swatted at his head.

"I'm not stupid." Hiccup pouted, "It's just really cool and I don't know how it works."

"Okay, well." Toothless took a deep breath, "the body has these vital energy points called your chi\*. Your chi flows on invisible lines of energy flow called your meridians. It's thought that there are at least fourteen meridians connecting our organs to the other parts of our bodies. Acupressure, which is what we've been doing, and acupuncture, points lie on the meridians. If the flow of chi is blocked on a meridian, it's thought to be the cause of ailments, so pressure applied can open the flow." Toothless shrugged like it was common knowledge.

Hiccup paused, and stared at Toothless absently, an eyebrow cocked. Then he nodded slowly, "Okay, I think I get it."

"Good, do you want to keep going?" Toothless asked, and Hiccup nodded.

Toothless moved from point on the hand, to the forearm and upper arm. He poked and prodded at Hiccup, using him as his own teaching tool. They stopped when they were called down for dinner. Hiccup vaguely realized that he had been eating at his friends house more often than his own. He didn't think much of it, just that a home cooked meal was nicer than microwave dinner any day.

â€œ

Hiccup groaned and rolled over, surrendering. He heard another voice groan as well, but in annoyance instead, "Honestly," it muttered. The voice belonged to Hiccup's personal tormenter, otherwise known as Astrid by those close enough to talk to her, and by those who weren't Hiccup.

The boy on the floor recovered easily, sliding up and cracking his knuckles and neck. It was getting easier, the pain, not the fighting. Fighting is hard. At least the searing pain in his muscles had turned into a dull throb nowadays. He jumped up and down a few times, "I got this," he muttered to himself.

A whistle blew and practice was over. The players retreated to the locker rooms, the boys all in one, and the two girls into the other.

Hiccup walked up to his locker, and pulled out his clothes, ready to go off to one of the changing stalls, not entirely comfortable changing in front of everyone else. Snotlout, Tuffnut, and Fishlegs had no such problem with each other and seemed very used to it. But Hiccup was small and awkward and not in the mood for ridicule, because he had a plan. A plan that he intended to go through with, right after he changed.

Rushing in and then out of the changing stall, he caught the others lacing up their sneakers on the bench.

"So, uh..." he started lamely. Three heads raised to analyze him, "What?" Snotlout said irritably. This plan was not going at all as he had intended.

"I, uh, saw that kid, Toothless, a couple of weeks ago and he looked pretty messed up. I mean, what's up with that." Hiccup laughed nervously.

Tuffnut smirked, "What's it to ya?"

"What? Me? Nothing. Just curious." Hiccup answered quickly.

Snotlout raised an eyebrow, "Maybe we had something to do with it, maybe not." he shrugged, smirking as well.

"I mean," Hiccup whistled, impressed, "That was some number done on him. Must have been a tough fight." he bounced on the balls of his feet.

"Please, it was the easiest five minutes of my life." Snotlout scoffed.

"So it was you?" Hiccup kept his triumphant grin to himself.

"It ain't nothing to brag about. Kid didn't even put up a fight." Snotlout shrugged, moving on to lace his second shoe.

"Yeah, but, like, what did he do to piss you off?" Hiccup tried to be casual.

"Why do you care?" Tuffnut asked.

"I told you, I'm just curious."

"Well, if you must know, we taught him a lesson. He said some things that we didn't agree with. We had to push him down from his high horse." Snotlout said, "Thinks he's so much better than us, because he doesn't 'use violence to solve his problems like we do.'" his voice raised an octave, in his imitation of Toothless' voice, which, to Hiccup, sounded nothing like his friend. "Something about us being 'brutes' and 'cruel' and it's not like we need his fucking opinion anyway. Interrupting us when we were dealing with a little freshman who got away. It was none of his damn business." Snotlout frowned, pushed his extra clothes into his bag and got up.

"Later, loser" he said and waked to the door, Tuffnut, and Fishlegs who had said nothing the entire time, followed after. Leaving Hiccup to be either proud of his friend for standing up to them, or exasperated that he had been dumb enough to provoke the other members of the wresting team.

â€"

Hiccup went home after school, parting from Toothless at the fork between their two streets. The wide archway of the door seemed almost strange to him as he stepped through, using his key to unlock the door. Hiccup, hungry from practice, went straight to the kitchen, as

he usually did.

He opened the oven, where an innocent lasagna sat waiting to be eaten. Hiccup shuddered. His dad had made lasagna. His dad should never be allowed in a kitchen, ever. Ever.

So as not to make his dad feel bad, Hiccup pulled out the pan and cut out a generous slice, choosing the least burnt part of the bunch. He slid the pan back into the oven and closed it. Picking up the plate, Hiccup went into the backyard.

He whistled, "Here, Bruno." he said softly. The next yard over, a small ugly head popped out of an equally small and ugly doghouse. The head was followed by a short, squat body, which trotted over to the fence separating Hiccup's house from his neighbors. Hiccup checked the back door to Ms. Margarine's house. She was an old lady, and most probably asleep, so he was in the clear.

The brown-haired teen bent over, sliding the food in front of the dog, who was doing his best impression of a grin, "Here ya go, boy." Hiccup said. Bruno wagged his tail and devoured the morsel. At least someone would appreciate that, Hiccup thought and went back inside.

He washed the plate and put it on the dish rack, going instead to make himself a sandwich. He stared at the roast beef trapped between the bread and bit into it, mentally deciding that, no, he could never go vegetarian, let alone vegan. After his makeshift dinner, Hiccup migrated to the living room and flopped onto the couch with a bag of chips and a soda. He was a growing boy, and therefore, always hungry.

A couple of hours later, Hiccup had fallen asleep on the couch, the empty soda on the table and the chips sitting open on the floor next to the couch. The program had changed to some game show. The current contestant had gotten a question wrong and the loud noise that followed her failure and its repercussions woke Hiccup, who jumped with an unattractive snort.

He sat up and assessed his surrounding, groggy from sleep. The hazy image of his house cleared in his brain. Recognition followed, and Hiccup groaned and stretched, rubbing his eyes of the sleep and scratching the back of his head.

He rose and took his trash to the kitchen, throwing away the can and putting the bag in the pantry as the front door creaked open and shut close. Hiccup leaned into the hallway and saw his father, Stoic, putting his coat on the rack, and pulling his shoes off. Hiccup moved back into the kitchen and sat at the breakfast bar.

Stoic walked into the kitchen, going to the fridge for a beer. "Evening, Dad." Hiccup said. Stoic turned around and grinned, "Hiccup," he boomed, popping the top of the bottle open with his hand. "How was practice?" he looked interested. Stoic never did ask about his school subjects, just how practice went.

"Practice was fine." Hiccup dismissed, he didn't really feel like thinking about wrestling now. Stoic nodded and went to the oven, pulling out his lasagna and cutting out two slices for himself. Stoic had no problem eating his own cooking. In fact, he thought it was

great.

"So, son." Stoic started awkwardly, settling down on the other side of the breakfast bar. "Where have ya been goin' after school these past few days. You're barely at home anymore."

"Oh, uh, I made a friend." Hiccup said casually. Stoic lit up like a Christmas tree. "Really?" he asked, almost like he was afraid Hiccup would burst out with an 'April Fools!' at any second.

Hiccup noted the town and frowned defensively, "I can make friends, you know. It's not that rare." he pouted.

"No, no, I know that, son. It's just been awhile since you've had a friend. I'm happy for you." Stoic smiled genuinely. Hiccup's father had always had such a contagious smile, so Hiccup couldn't help but smile back.

"So," Stoic said, "Tell me about you're friend."

"Well... his name is Toothless." Hiccup started. Stoic nodded.

"And his parent's are hippies." he said.

"Real hippies?" Stoic asked, sounding interested, Hiccup nodded, "It's been awhile since I've seen them around." Stoic seemed a bit nostalgic. "You know, I used to be a hippie."

"No way," Hiccup said, looking at his father, a strange smile on his face.

Stoic grinned, "Oh yes, back in the seventies..."

Hiccup smiled, listening to his father tale, and thinking that's it really has been awhile since they sat down and had a talk that didn't revolve around Hiccup's school life. It was nice.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Okay I promise I'll try to update sooner in the future. Reviews are super duper fabulous.<strong>

End  
file.